

MURDERERS' ROW JAIL is HAUNTED



Pittsburg, Pa.—According to the statement of the prisoners and guards, murderers' row in the Allegheny county jail in this city is said to be haunted, and the fear of the supposed ghosts has so worked upon the nerves of the condemned prisoners that the cells of the entire row have been vacated and the prisoners removed to another section of the jail.

The ghost of W. A. Culp, who killed himself in his cell some time ago while awaiting trial for the murder of his brother, is held directly responsible for the orders issued by Warden Edward Lewis transferring the 14 men occupying cells in murderers' row.

Culp's ghost was haunting them, they declared. "It" had come back, they said, visiting cell after cell along the tier set apart for murderers, rehearsing the murder of Culp's brother and omitting none of its ghastly details. This happened night after night following Culp's suicide, and always between 12 and 1 o'clock in the morning.

Screams of terror from the fourth tier of cells on the south side of the old part of the jail, where murderers' row was situated, aroused the guards and all the prisoners, says the N. Y. World. Lights were turned on and a search made for the ghostly visitor, but of course "it" was never found. An hour or two always elapsed before the terrified prisoners could be calmed down and silence reigned once more throughout the big county jail.

Prisoner's Ghost Visits Cell.

Only one prisoner, a condemned murderer occupying the cell adjoining the one in which Culp committed suicide, a man who is to be executed in October, saw the Culp ghost on the first night it came back. That was on the night following the one on which the suicide was committed. The condemned wretch, who had been convicted of a most cowardly crime, screamed for help and when the guards entered his cell a few moments later they found him cowering in a corner and shaking like a leaf.

He had seen Culp, he said. Culp or Culp's ghost had come into his cell and after awakening him had started to rehearse the murder of his brother. "You have been dreaming," that's all, said one of the deputy wardens, reassuringly. "Don't you know that Culp is dead and buried and even if he were alive it would be impossible for him to have been in your cell? Besides, there are no such things as ghosts. You have been having a bad dream, so just lie down and go to sleep and don't be arousing the whole jail like this in the middle of the night."

But the next night Culp's ghost came back again. At least, three condemned criminals confined in cells along murderer's row declared that they saw "it" distinctly. When examined by the warden they all gave the same description of the ghost, the direction from which it came, and its antics in front of cells along murderer's row.

This went on for several nights, although extra guards were placed along the fourth tier. The guards themselves declared that they saw nothing, but this afforded little satisfaction to the prisoners, who were either too frightened to sleep or who were disturbed by the screams of their next-door neighbors.

Other Ghost Scares.

Culp's ghost is not the only one said to be responsible for the haunting of the Allegheny county jail. For years the "murderers' row" there has been gradually accumulating the reputation of being haunted.

Did not Mike Ruminski, the professional stranger, strangle himself to death in his cell in a most ingenious manner shortly before the date set for his execution, and did not he come back? That was during the time of Warden John McAlene.

And did not the notorious Biddle

brothers, Jack and Ed, escape from their cells in murderers' row with the assistance of Mrs. Kate Soffel, wife of Warden Peter Soffel, only to be run down and shot to death near Butler, Pa., 48 hours later, and did not they come back? That was during the time of Warden Soffel.

And did not Hill and Douglas and many another poor wretch who went to death from murderers' row by the gallows route come back?

There are many who stoutly maintain that they did, and that they haunted their old cells and terrified their occupants for many nights.

Another mysterious happening that contributed to the spooky reputation of murderers' row was not explained away until it had been going on for weeks.

At nine o'clock every night it has been customary to switch the electric lights from one dynamo to another. This necessitated the changing of a belt and occupied from five to ten seconds. During that time the entire jail was in total darkness, except for a few isolated gas jets in the front office, at the gate and in the main corridor.

An Unearthly Shriek Was Heard. One night several years ago just before the lights had gone out as usual an unearthly shriek pierced the inky blackness of the big jail from some where in the neighborhood of murderers' row. It was a long, moaning kind of shriek, such as no mortal could make, and it seemed to sweep and circle down the main corridor before dying away. Everybody who heard it—deputy wardens, guards and prisoners alike—felt the marrow freezing in his bones. An investigation was made immediately the lights had been turned on again, but no solution to the mystery was found that night. The prisoners were questioned, and, as might have been expected, all denied knowing anything about it. Men in cells on the fourth tier thought the noise came from somewhere on the ground floor. Those on the ground floor thought it came from the roof.

Next night when the lights were switched off at nine o'clock the same unearthly scream resounded through the building, and once more the resultant investigation came to naught. Warden Lewis was puzzled and he determined to trace the noise to its source, so on the third night he secretly stationed guards in empty cells and along corridors, with instructions to make careful note of the direction from whence the yell came if it should be repeated. The yell was repeated without fail as soon as the jail was in darkness, but the warden's plan failed, for the guards had totally different ideas of where the sound came from.

By the time the uncanny yell had been heard for five nights in succession, with the mystery of its source as deep as ever, many of the most superstitious prisoners were on the verge of nervous prostration. Nobody could ever tell them after that that the jail was not haunted. The warden was almost at his wits' end, but he tried one more scheme. He began to transfer the prisoners, a few at a time, from cell to cell, and guards were instructed to watch each batch of transferred men very closely. In this way the noise was finally traced to a practical joker among the prisoners, who produced the diabolical yell with the aid of a hair comb and a newspaper. A piece of paper was folded across the comb and held as a mouthpiece at the small end of a megaphone made by rolling the newspaper up into a cone. Everybody knows what a fearful noise can be made by pressing the lips against a paper-covered comb and blowing hard. With the megaphone added the noise was greatly magnified, and it made a noise calculated to give anybody cold chills in the pitchy darkness of a big prison. With the detection of the culprit the

noises ceased, but the jail's reputation for being haunted spread amazingly, even beyond the granite walls of the prison, and still clings to it.

The Case of Ruminski.

Mike Ruminski was one of the shrewdest prisoners ever placed in murderers' row. On the morning he was sentenced to death for strangling his wife, pouring kerosene over the body and setting fire to the house, he declared that the sheriff would never get a chance to hang him. The evidence produced against Ruminski at his trial tended to show that he was a professional stranger and robber. Several months before he killed his wife he had strangled his own baby to death, but this was not known until the authorities made an investigation following the death of his wife.

On account of the threat of the condemned man that he would cheat the gallows, an extra close watch was kept on him in his cell, a guard being stationed outside the door day and night to prevent him from taking his own life.

One night Ruminski went to bed as usual. The light outside his cell door shone directly on the cot, and the guard outside could see him quite plainly. But Ruminski, while pretending to be asleep, reached down with his right hand between the edge of his iron cot and the wall and untied one of the thin cord laces fastened across the framework of his cot and supporting the mattress. Still working with one hand, he twisted the short length of cord, tied it and slipped it over his head and around his neck. The handle of a tin cup, which he managed to get possession of, was passed through the loop, and then Ruminski carefully and quietly proceeded to choke himself to death. So cautiously did he kill himself that the guard outside the door, although keeping one eye on Ruminski all the time, imagined that the condemned man was sound asleep.

When Ruminski had choked himself until he lost consciousness, his hand released the handle of the tin cup. It may be supposed that the tin handle would spin around a few times and fly from the loop and that the cord, being released, would enable Ruminski to breathe again. But the crafty stranger had anticipated that very thing and had made provision to guard against his plans being thwarted in that way. The handle of the tin cup had been straightened out and then hooked at the end in such a way that the moment Ruminski's hand released it it caught in the collar of his shirt and held fast. Ruminski had been dead several hours when the guard attempted to arouse him next morning.

Then a few hours after the strang-

occupying cells, there were recently wrought up to such a pitch by hearing the noise made by carpenters erecting the wooden gallows in the jail yard that Warden Lewis has ordered a steel scaffold which can be put together almost noiselessly with the aid of a few screws and a wrench.

FLYING MACHINE.

Wandsworth Man's Really Novel Invention.

A remarkable contrivance of bamboo and wire on four little wheels, with a man sitting hunched up over a steering wheel in the front, coasted down West Hill, Wandsworth, shortly after sunrise.

It was the working portion of Mr. A. V. Roe's flying machine, with which he hopes to carry off a number of prizes that are still on offer to the first man to accomplish a flight in a steerable machine.

Mr. Roe was the winner of the second prize at the trial of model aeroplanes at the Alexandra palace last spring, when his model covered a flight of more than 100 feet.

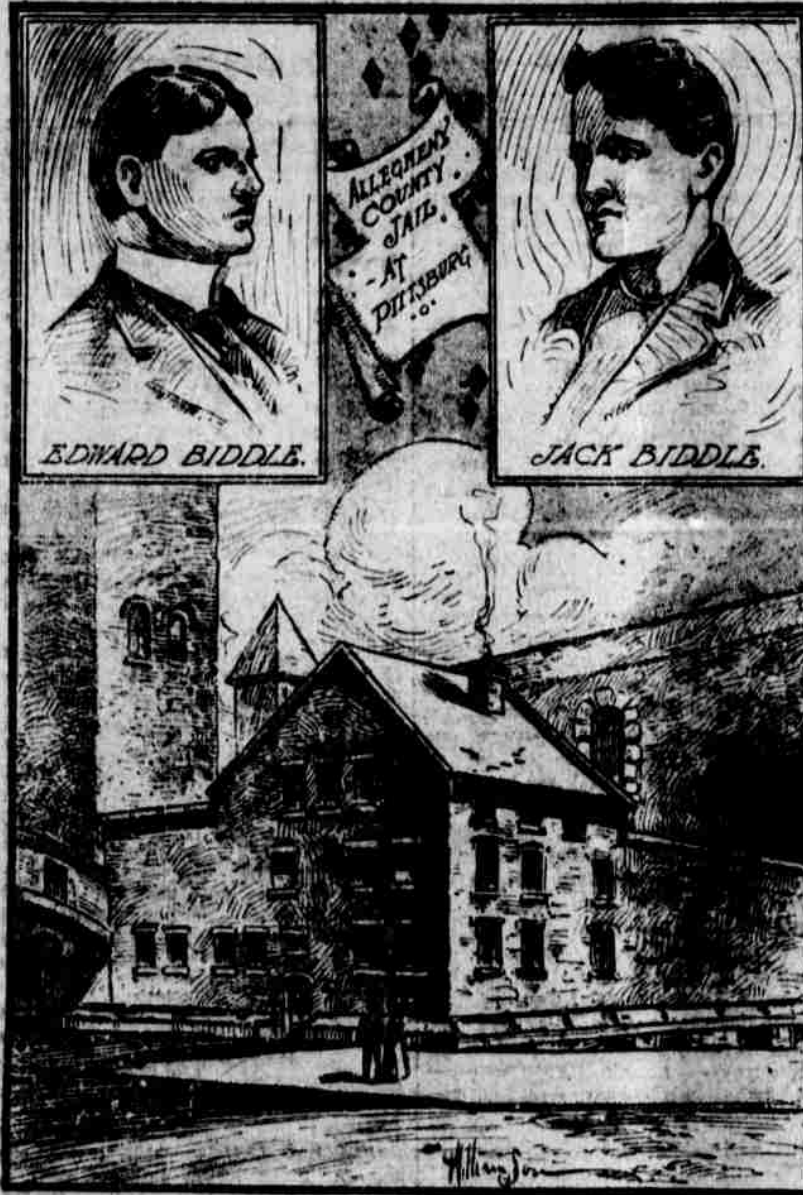
"My full size machine," he said the other day, "is now all ready for a flight, but the difficulty is to find a suitable place. I do not mean to begin by circling St. Paul's or anything sensational like that. If I can cover a mile a few feet from the ground and hover, turn, drop and rise as I want to I shall be quite satisfied."

The full-sized machine is built on the same lines as the model that won at the Alexandra palace. It is on the supposed plane system, a small fore plane acting as steering rudder, with two large back planes.

"From tip to tip the machine measures 36 feet, and the fore and aft measurement is 20 feet. Altogether the plane surface is 80 square feet, and it will weigh, with myself on board, 450 pounds."

"It has been built almost entirely by myself, except for the engine, a Jap six-horse power motor, and the steering wheels. All the other metal work, including the four little pneumatic wheels, I made in my own amateur way. Wheels, of course, are necessary for carrying the aeroplane along the ground in starting an ascent and in landing again."

"The propellers, which are four-bladed, will make about 1,600 revolutions to the minute, giving me a speed of about 50 miles an hour. The driver's seat is forward, and will be enclosed in a cigar-shaped canvas shelter. There are two brakes on the back wheels, and by pressing his feet on an iron plate just under the seat



let's body had been removed to the morgue it disappeared most mysteriously and that night prisoners in murderers' row declared that they saw Ruminski's ghost walking along the corridor and making ghastly faces at the occupants of the cells. Several months later the murderer's body was found in a stable on Carson street, South side, and buried in potter's field. The ears and fingers had been removed, presumably to be kept as souvenirs.

The Biddle Brothers.

The two Biddle brothers did not die in murderers' row, but other prisoners confined there have often declared that they saw their ghosts on many nights since the two young desperadoes broke jail and fled with the warden's wife, only to be run down and killed a few hours later. The sensational case of the Biddle brothers is too well known and has been dramatized too much to need recalling to the memory of readers. It was merely one of many cases which have served to give the Allegheny county jail a spooky reputation and to make the old murderers' row no longer habitable.

The nerves of condemned prisoners

the driver can check the way of the machine on the ground as quickly as a motor car can be stopped.

"I have been experimenting with a spring drive, but I have come to the conclusion that a clutch drive is better."—Daily News.

Origin of Sedan Chair.

Perhaps some expert in the Sinesee language will tell us what is its word for "sedan chair." When the King of Siam's ministers, protesting against his majesty's favor toward motorcars, suggested recently that "the royal sedan" chair was always at his disposal it is probable that they used a word reminiscent of the French word.

For it is from the scene of Napoleon III's collapse that the sedan chair takes its name, and perhaps remote posterity will suppose that it had some connection with that event. But Sedan first produced these conveyances centuries ago, and they were seen in England in 1581. One used by James I.'s Buckingham provoked great popular outcry against the employment of men as beasts of burden. Sir S. Duncombe is credited with having introduced them to London in 1684.

NOTED WOMAN PHYSICIAN



DR. SARAH HACKETT STEVENSON

Mrs. Stevenson is well known throughout the country as a writer and authority on medical subjects and has been a delegate to several national and international medical congresses. Her home is in Chicago.

CUPID ROBS VILLAGE

FEW BACHELOR MAIDS LEFT AT HANCOCK, MASS.

Only Four Now Remain in Quiet Little Town, the Other Four Having Played the Summer Game Very Profitably.

Pittsfield, Mass.—The announcement the same day of four engagements in the town of Hancock develops the fact that outside of the Shaker settlement in the quiet little town on the west slope of the Taconic there are only four girls of marriageable age in the village. There are 421 souls in the town, and of these all but 50 or so live outside the sleepy little village. There were eight girls in the town who were eligible. Then Mabel G. Eldridge announced her engagement to Joseph C. Turner; her sister, Alice L. Eldridge, announced that she was to be married to Robert P. Eastland; Miss Dora K. Gardner said she was to become the bride of Arthur G. Lewis, and Mr. Turner's brother is to marry Miss Emily Thomas.

The four remaining girls of the coquette are Misses Julia Channing, 20; Marian Hopewell, 19; Anastasia Gallagher, 22; and Sophronia Easton, who declines to give her age.

But the girls are not bachelor maids because they have no admirers. Hancock is a splendid summer resort, and Miss Easton said:

"The other four girls announced their engagement recently. I suppose our four could have done the same, but we don't believe in summer engagements. Besides, when we become really and truly engaged, we will go outside of this town. You know the boys here are not very swell and there is no place for them to earn money except on the farm. We have only a small shop and one store, so I don't see how we could very well accept their proposals. But proposals—we've had more than 100 to tell you of."

"Photographs? Well, I guess not. We are all right here now, but if you publish our pictures folks will think we are advertising ourselves."

With that she directed the reporter to stop at the Shaker settlement and ask one of the sisters for her photograph.

Hancock's main street is a typical lovers' lane. There is not a light the whole length of it, and the houses are all set back from the road.

HEN OBJECTS TO SNAKE.

Tries to Kill Big Reptile Coiled Among Her Brood.

Burlington, N. J.—Coiled in a nest under an old mother hen and her brood of a dozen little chicks, a four-foot blacksnake made things lively when it was accidentally disturbed by Mrs. John Oatman, wife of a farmer in the suburbs.

The hen and her brood were confined in a light coop near the Oatman house, and the reptile is supposed to have crawled into the nest to find shelter from the cool night air. Angry clucking of the old hen brought the farmer's wife to the scene. She lifted the coop in the dark and put her hand down into the nest to see if the chicks were all safe.

There was a shriek as the woman felt something squirm in her hand, and she caught a glimpse in the dusk of the reptile sliding swiftly off. Farm hands arrived too late to dispatch the unwelcome visitor.

Latest Suffer Wins Girl.

Lancaster, Pa.—James Jones, of New York, came to this city to wed Emily Jackson, but when he reached town the marriage license office was closed and the wedding was postponed.

Marshall Richardson, who was also a suffer, heard of Jones being in town, and of Emily's intention to marry him. This did not deter him from calling on the girl, and he was so persuasive that Emily changed her mind and dismissed Jones. Richardson and the girl received a marriage license and they were married.

NEWEST FRENCH SUBMARINE.

Opale Able to Go from Cherbourg to Algiers Under Her Own Power.

Paris.—The latest French submarine, the Opale, belongs to the series of six vessels of 400 tons displacement called submarine cruisers which have been built according to the plans of M. Mangas, engineer in chief of the naval engineers. Their length is about 154 feet and their extreme width about 13 feet.

These dimensions guarantee plenty of room for the crew and make it possible to remain under the water for 24 hours without inconvenience. Their armament is composed of six self-acting torpedoes of large size.

The chief merit of submarines of the Opale type is their dependence of action, which is obtained by the employment as motive power of two petrol motors which give together more than 600-horsepower, and a surface speed of 12 knots. Their radius of action is large in comparison with similar boats supplied with steam engines. Thus submarines of the Opale type can go on their own resources from Cherbourg to Algiers.

During the official trials for six hours at full power, which the Opale underwent at Cherbourg, the qualities of her engines were highly praised. This success was repeated on her 12-hour trials last week, which were carried out by an ordinary crew working under regular service conditions.

CAUSES OF YEAR'S FIRES.

Careless Dropping of Matches and Cigarettes Costly to New York.

New York.—A yearly chart has just been completed covering 6,357 fires in Manhattan and the Bronx and calling attention to some interesting facts. It is estimated that fires started by careless dropping of matches and cigarettes cause New York city a loss of about \$2,500,000 each year. The city has an average of 23 fires every day, and fire losses in 12 months from all causes aggregate something like \$10,000,000.

Of the 6,357 fires charted in Manhattan and the Bronx for the year, 989 of them happened on Tuesdays. Tuesday is ironing day. The chart shows that the busiest hour of the day for the fire department is between six and seven o'clock in the evening.

It is shown that the hours between six and 12 o'clock at night are most fruitful of fires. The chart gives 2,356 to that period, while the early morning hours have only 866 and the shopping and matinee hours have only 1,907. From six o'clock to midnight more lights are burning, there are more open fires blazing away, alcohol chafing dishes are much in demand, cigars and cigarettes are being smoked in large numbers, with the consequent trail of thrown away matches.

THIEVES' SCHOOL INSIDE PRISON.

Alonzo J. Whiteman Caught Teaching Tricks to Convicts.

Rochester, N. Y.—Alonzo J. Whiteman, ex-mayor of Duluth, Minn., and notorious criminal, has been removed to Dannemora prison from the state prison at Ashburn. The climate did not agree with him at Auburn and either on account of that or the prison fare his stomach became affected, causing much sickness and discomfort.

Whiteman was sent to jail two years ago for stealing \$750 from a trust company of Buffalo. He is a native of Danville, N. Y., and was a graduate of Hamilton college.

The superintendent of the Auburn prison says Whiteman is one of the most intellectual men he has ever met. When first taken to the prison he was put to teaching in the prison school. It was ascertained soon, it is stated, that he was teaching some of the students on the way to work the banks for an easy living when they were once liberated. So Whiteman's career as a teacher came to a sudden close. Then he took up the study of stenography in the superintendent's office, and now can follow a speaker at 100 words a minute.

AUTO HAD REVENGE

GOT GLORIOUSLY EVEN WITH CAR THAT WRECKED IT.

Affair Closely Resembling a Duel in the Death Afforded Diversion to Crowd on San Francisco Street Recently.

San Francisco.—An electric car, a gasoline runabout, a willing and over-zealous motorman, two amateur automobile enthusiasts and a chorus of appreciative street car patrons—these composed the principals, supporting cast and audience which figured in a one act arena spectacle put on without prior announcement in the middle of Sutter street between Pierce and Scott.

The event, which had every element of a tragedy but at the same time was replete with delicate humor, which converted it into a comedy, was in the nature of a gladiatorial struggle to the death between electricity and gasoline. As an exhibition of mortal combat it was an equal of the melodramatic thriller of a 10 cent theater, for all concerned got it in the neck in the end.

The automobile—a one cylinder affair—started the trouble; but then, too much should not be said about its faults for the dear departed should not be reviled. Suffice it that the machine suffered paralysis in the middle of the eastbound street car track and that the ministrations of its two occupants were of no avail. Its wheels absolutely refused to go around either in answer to the appeal of its own engine or when urged by the strong arms of its disgruntled passengers. Then the street car came up behind and stopped.

"What's matter?" sang the motorman to the accompaniment of a bell solo with his gong.

"Give us a shove," came the answer. "We're stuck."

The motorman was accommodating. He unlatched the heavy connection bar used when a well car goes to the assistance of a sick one, and attaching one end to the front of the car, braced the other against the back of the automobile. Then he turned on all the juice.

It was a foul blow. The automobile was looking for a steady shove and it got a slap. The bar flew in the air, the street car gave a bound, there was one resounding crash and a couple of yells, and the automobile was a subject for the machinery morgue. It had refused to budge even with several hundred volts of Patrick Calhoun's soothing syrup behind it, and the heavy car made a scrap heap of it. But in its expiring gasp the auto spat back as good as had been given, and evened up the score. Its drive chain, wrenched loose from the machinery, whirled out with a hiss of fate, struck fair and true, and for the fraction of a second formed a connection between the motor box of the street car and one of the rails.

"Bang!" Retribution had been received. The car demolished the automobile, but the automobile short circuited the whole Sutter street system in return. And then the passengers got out of the dark, silent car and gazed at its lifeless bulk standing there over the ruin it had wrought. Only one or two of them swore; all the rest sat down on the curb and laughed.

SAYS SPLEEN IS GOOD TO EAT.

Boston Scientist Declares It Will Furnish Good and Cheap Meat.

Boston.—Declaring that red blood corpuscles come from the spleen, and also announcing that he has found that spleens are edible, Dr. Edward Williams, a graduate of Harvard medical school, believes he has found the means of adding 50,000,000 pounds to the nation's annual meat supply, which should mean a saving of \$5,000,000 a year. His discovery, he believes, makes it possible to secure meat at a cost not exceeding 10 cents a pound.

Dr. Williams says spleens are extremely palatable when fresh, and claims to have discovered a method of preserving them for an indefinite length of time. He says they furnish the richest possible food.

While some of the red blood corpuscles are formed in the bone marrow or marrow, Dr. Williams says, the majority of them come from the spleen.

Shingle Party Scared Pastor.

Middletown, N. Y.—The Rev. Thomas Livingston, pastor of the North Congregational church, received a sound drubbing after prayer meeting from about 50 young members of his congregation. The young people entered the parsonage and sequestered themselves. All were armed with shingles, and when their pastor entered he was set upon and a shingling was given him that he will not soon forget. The minister fought off his assailants until it dawned upon him that it was his birthday and he took the drubbing good naturedly.

Here's Hard-Working Burglar.

Seattle, Wash.—George Everett, alias Burton, alias Munson, the burglar and hotel thief, who was arrested a few weeks ago by Chief of Police Wappenstat, probably holds the world's record for cracking safes. Inside of a few hours in Rockford, Ill., about a year ago, he cracked 14 safes in one building, for which record work he owes the state of Illinois 20 years instead of 20.